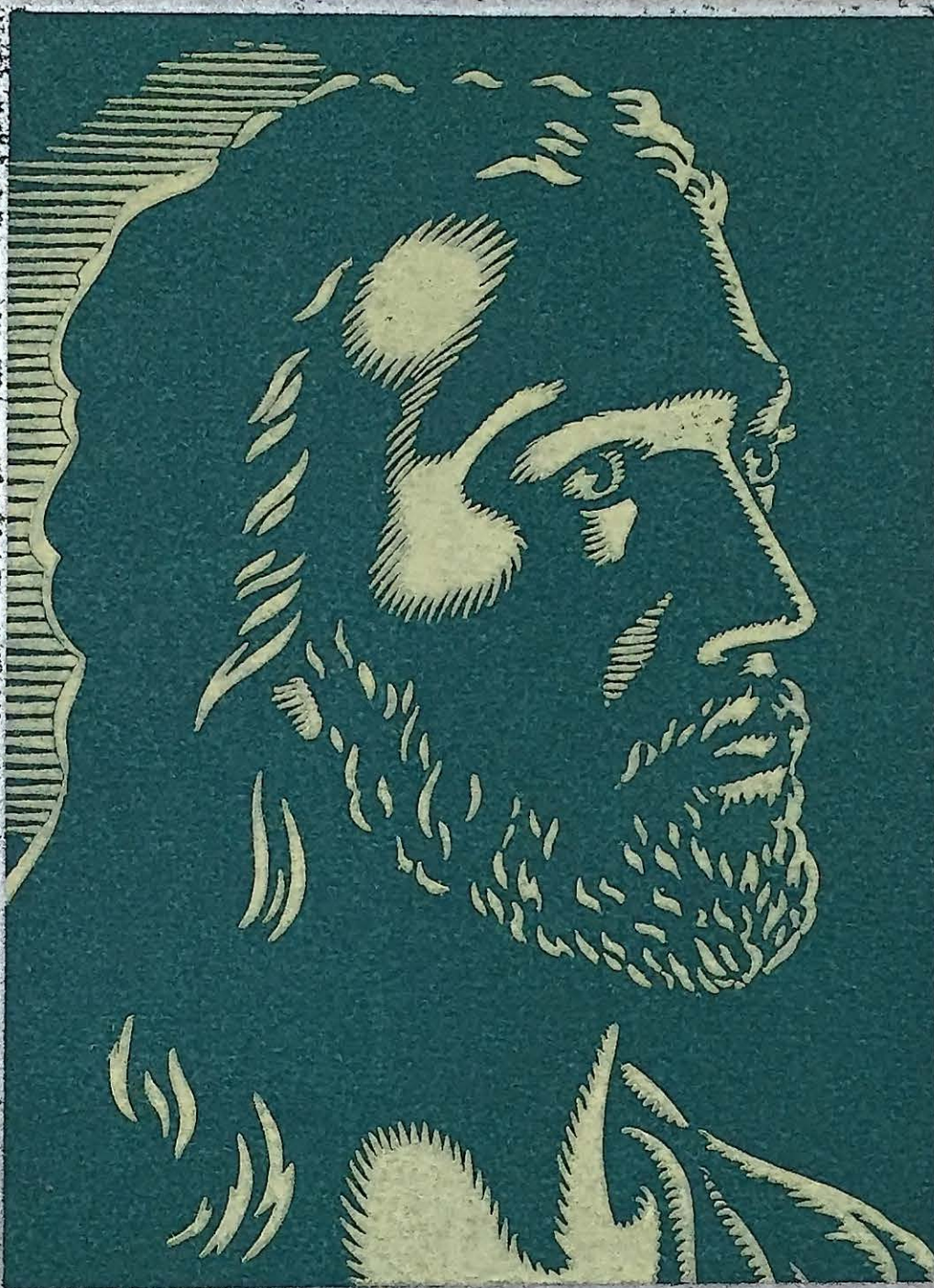


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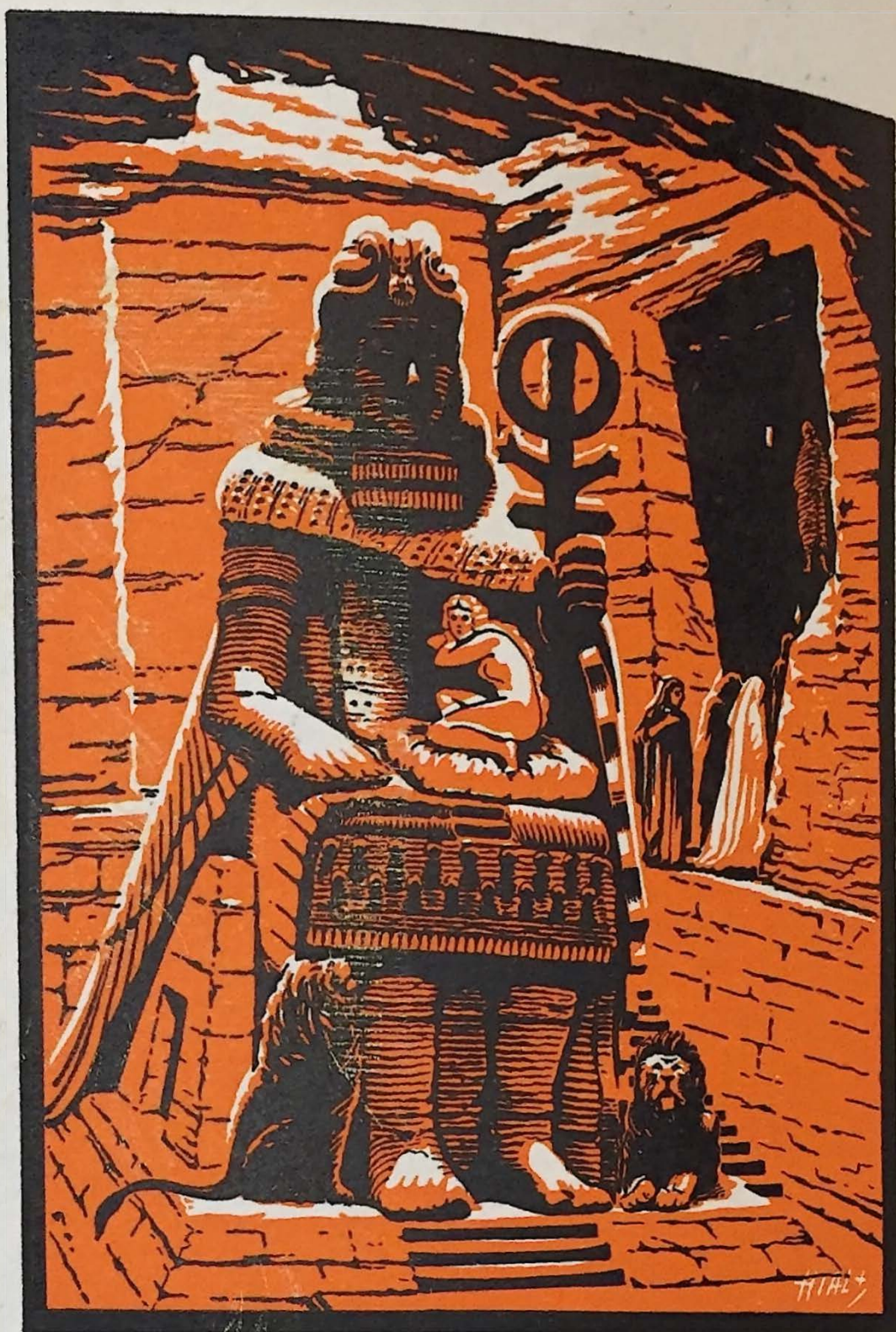
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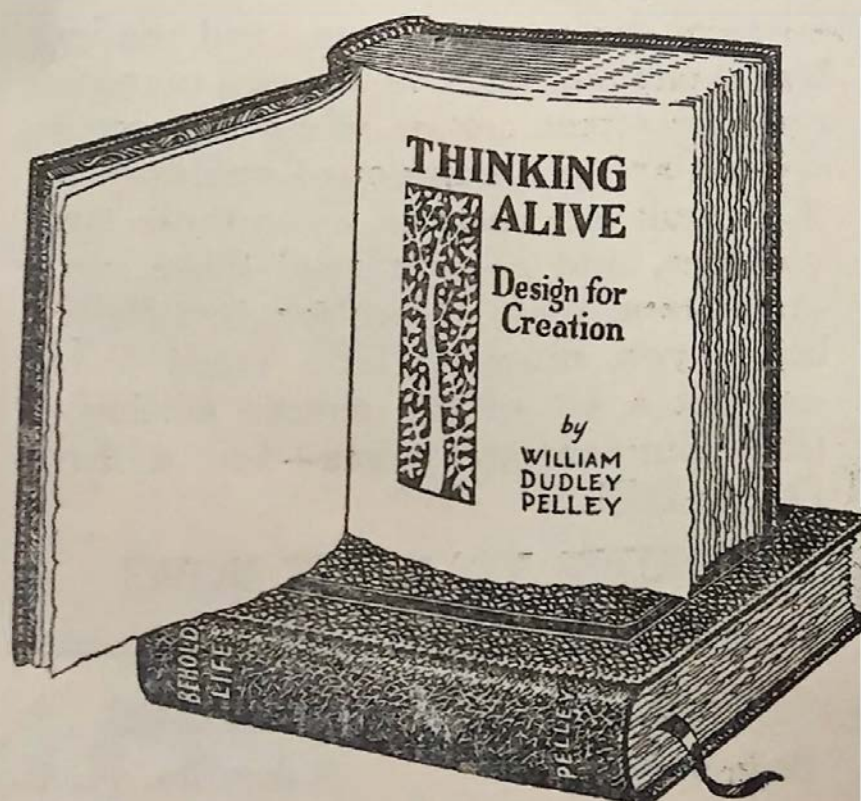
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O MANY people commented throughout the past year on the illustration by Hial, depicting the Bethlehem Shepherds' vision of the Heavenly Host which was used as the cover for Reality Magazine last Christmas, that we decided this year to work it up in three colors for a folder Christmas Card that could retail at 10c with envelope. ¶ Anticipating the demand from the Faithful, we struck off a couple of thousand of these cards and they are awaiting December shipment. ¶ You recall the illustration? Would you like to see it on your cards this holiday season? If so, send us 10c each for as many as you can use. Or perhaps you have 2,000 friends, in which case we will express you all we have printed! Let us hear from you in time to make proper shipment. Remember, the printing is VERY ANTIQUE!

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The LIBERATION DOCTRINE *is not a cult*



THOUSANDS of people over the past decade have heard vaguely of The Liberation Doctrine and wondered what it was, and what it expected to accomplish in a world overtaxed with creeds and sects, esoteric societies and metaphysical movements. ¶ In the first place, The Liberation Doctrine is not a cult, neither is it a new system of metaphysics, or source of Rosacrucianism or of occult research. ¶ The Liberation Doctrine is nothing beyond a sane and beautiful philosophy of life for the calm and practical living of it on a basis of understanding what the marvel of it comprises. ¶ It began in 1929 when an article by William Dudley Pelley, then residing in Altadena, California, appeared in *The American Magazine* entitled "My Seven Minutes in Eternity." Mr. Pelley had undergone an extraordinary spiritual experience, finding that it was possible to vacate his body in the night without death resulting. Immediately he became aware that he had acquired abnormal psychical gifts, among them the little-understood talent of Clairaudience. ¶ In the eight years that have followed, he proceeded to record a stupendous series of subliminal papers on the fundamentals of Cosmos that baffled the most astute critics and opened up a line of sacred research making the whole miracle of creation as simple as it is profound and rational. ¶ But he steadfastly refused to start any new religion on the strength of them, or capitalize them to his worldly profit or renown, or organize his findings so that any society promoted them. He believed Truth to be the private pursuit of the individual soul capable of undertaking it and secretly profiting from it. For this reason no hysterical mass meetings concerning the Liberation Findings have been held, no crowds have been opportuned to undertake mysterious rituals, no Select Masters for humanity have been promised excepting the Colossal Personage of the Elder Brother who is herein revealed in a new, refreshing and startling version. ¶ The Liberation Recordings, on the contrary, are for a small and select audience of spiritually discriminating people who believe in pursuing the Great Secrets of Cosmos privately and valiantly, and accepting such recommendations as they may be ready for, in their normal spiritual evolution. They are presented as exquisitely as the printing art can devise, and any resource deriving from their circulation is turned back into the work of extending a wider knowledge of them to those who would be interested if they but had the nature of them brought to their attention. ¶ That is the whole story connected with this Teaching. "He that hath ears to hear, LET HIM HEAR!"

Reality Magazine

Volume Two

DECEMBER, 1938

Number Three

The Saga of the Star

A HEATHEN world sat in darkness. The Ark of the Covenant was lost. Parthia, Egypt, Babylon, Syria, had ravaged the homes and cities of Israel. Pompey, the Roman, had crushed the few remaining relics of Judaism and his satrap Herod ruled in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

In the aisles of desecrated temples the money-changers plied their trade. They paid tribute to Caesar but none to God. Scribes and Pharisees flourished by buying mandamuses of Herod Antipas. Artisans and laborers accepted a respite from plunder and massacre afforded by the Roman centurions.

Might ruled everywhere.

It was the Year One of a New Dispensation, but few knew and none cared. The heart of Judaism, which no persecution could destroy, looked for a deliverer in the flesh, and the Deliverer came in spirit. ✠ ✠ ✠

It looked for the warrior and God sent a little child.

Its vision was still blinded with rage and sorrow. Only a few deep thinkers traveling the desert wastes saw a strange signal that was not of earth. Only to a few shepherds tending their flocks by night, was the glory of that revelation granted.

In the midnight sky had blazed a new star, such as never had illumined the earth since the beginning of worldly time. And the star stood sentinel over the little town of Bethlehem where a Nazarene woman had given birth to a child.

The wise men from the East hastened to lay all their worldly goods at the foot of the manger where, in the stable of the inn, lay the infant Deliverer. The shepherds in the light of the star bowed their heads in adoration.

In answer to their prayers and offerings a far-off whisper, the voice of angel messengers, too faint except for ears spiritually in tune, revealed to the chosen few the meaning of the star, the mystery cradled in the manger:

"Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace—good will to men!" ✠ ✠ ✠



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"Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace—good will to men!" ✠ ✠



But when the rumors of these happenings reached the city they were lightly dismissed in the seats of the mighty. The Caesars were occupied with new schemes of conquest and empire. Herod was busy with his illicit paramour. The Scribes and Pharisees sneered and asked, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

CENTURY followed century, war followed war, conquest followed conquest, and the star and its message were lost in the struggle for existence. Christianity sought to win the world as it had always been won before—by the power of the sword.

After Bethlehem came Calvary, after Calvary the martyrdoms of Rome, after the fall of Rome the murder-hosts of Attila; after Attila the gory trampling of all Asia by Genghis Khan's fierce Mongols. ✠ ✠

Then for 150 years the Crusaders of the Cross and the fanatics of the Crescent killed and massacred one another for the possession of Jerusalem. A century of ruthless fighting witnessed the overflow of Moor and Saracen to found a Spanish kingdom.

THE new religion became a weapon of tyranny in the hands of kings and chancellors, hierarchs, overlords and knights-at-arms. The voice of the people—for whom it was intended—was drowned in the revelries of courts, the blare of trumpets, and the rolling beat of the drums of war.

Had any good thing come out of Nazareth?

Christian turned the sword on Christian as fiercely as he had ever turned it against the barbarian. They fought first for power and territory and the riches of the world. But stranger still, they resorted to bloodshed and fire and torture and the rack to determine the interpretation of the message that heralded the birth of the babe in Bethlehem.

So for twenty centuries the history of Christianity was written chiefly by potentates and persecutors in letters of blood. The light of the world was not the Star of Bethlehem, but the red planet, Mars. ✠ ✠

Until Christianity crowned its twenty centuries of fighting with one grand orgy of scientific slaughter. A war to end war—said idealism. But that was no way to peace. So Christendom remained an armed camp.

Nevertheless through all the gloom and glory of prelates, warlords, thrones, principalities and powers, in the homes of common people, families gathered each Christmas Day, set candles in the window, exchanged gifts, dedicated twenty-four precious hours to the children whom the Savior loved—and so kept alive the memory of the Message and the Star.

And in that celebration men and women and children—by radio and airplane and by all the devices won from science by religion—brought back to earth in a full-throated, deep-chested, whole-hearted human chorus the message heard at the birth of the Christ-child only by a few wise men and a handful of shepherds:

"Glory to God in the Highest, on earth Peace, Good Will To Men." ✠ ✠

—The Los Angeles Times.



WHY SECULAR HISTORY DOES NOT RECOGNIZE CHRIST

EVEN historians with atheistic tendencies will concede that out of all the characters who have played leading roles in the great drama of past civilization, the personage known as Jesus the Christ stands head and shoulders above all mortal chieftains. If one personage has to be picked out who has influenced the world more than any other individual, the choice must come to rest on the Man who is popularly accredited as having been born nineteen-hundred and thirty-eight years ago this current December 25th.

Yet despite the fact that He has so influenced the world, less is known about Him privily—at least that is of record on the pages of secular history—than any other character that has left his impress on the evolution of modern society. *✠ ✠*

We have four accounts of His life in sacred history, but students of Biblical origins—even those most sympathetic toward such research—will disclose to you that only one bears evidence of having been written by an eyewitness to the events of the career portrayed, the Gospel according to St. Mark. The other three Gospel accounts were re-writes, with additions and deletions, by authors who lived many years after the Crucifixion and who had only hearsay or the original text of the manuscript of Mark to guide them in compiling their versions.

For something like twenty-five years after the Celebrity's death, nothing was recorded about Him anywhere. Then Mark brings out a manuscript-biography, written in Greek. Something like fifty to seventy-five years after the narrative by Mark was composed—making the time approximately a hundred years after Christ's ministry—the Gospel according to St. Matthew appeared.

THE Gospel according to Mark starts off without any reference to Christ's birth or boyhood. It begins abruptly with His Baptism and the commencement of His ministry. Moreover, the earliest scholars report that either the Mark manuscript in the Greek was never finished by its author, or if it was finished, the last of the scroll got torn off and lost.

Because the story as given in the Gospel of Matthew is placed first in the order of the Books of the New Testament, the average Christian assumes that it must have been written first.

The story as given by Matthew, however, was placed first in the order of Books in the New Testament because it affected to give the complete biography of the Man of Galilee, and it was necessary for Christians reading the New Testament to have the full account before them, as it was accredited by the early Church Fathers.

The story itself reads like an authentic

historical account of Christ's birth, career, and execution. Actually, it is now recognized as a popular propaganda write-up of the life of the originator of the new religion, the facts compiled and the trimmings put on in order to tell His life story in the most attractive fashion to prospective converts in distant parts.



ALL of which does not detract from the beauty and inspiration of the tale unfolded. Strange to relate, none the less, secular history containing transcripts of the events contemporaneous with Jesus, passes over all circumstances of His birth, life, and death, and had we to depend solely on political or civic narratives of the time, we should never have an inkling that such a Man lived.

¶ Of course we would have to suspect that such a Man lived, because subsequent political and civic events grew out of, or shaped themselves because of, the vital influence which converts to the new religion were exerting on the world. But suspicions and deductions are not facts!

The unbiased observer has to admit that there is something strange indeed to the circumstance that the greatest man of influence who ever existed, is wholly ignored insofar as data in the archives of the nations in the period wherein He functioned are concerned.

One of two things must be true: First, the events ascribed to His life were considered to be of no real importance at the time they happened, or, second, some sort of censorship-editing must have been practiced somewhere along the way, deleting reports of the life-affairs of this personage from the official records. ¶

Which should we believe?

As a matter of fact, we should look for explanation to the mystery, in acceptance of both! Take a modern case, to get analogy to the first—Mary Baker Eddy. ¶ Everybody in America is

aware of the fact that up in Concord, New Hampshire, before the turn of the century, lived a very sincere and erudite lady who started writing preachments of a sort on the well-approved tenet of mysticism that Mind has control over Matter, that where the Mind thinks neither Pain nor Evil, there can be none—at least for the person so thinking. ¶

She got a small local group interested in her metaphysical tenets at first, then her doctrines spread about New England. Finally, so many were her "disciples" that the Church of Christ' Scientist, was proclaimed, with this remarkable woman at the head of it and the Mother Church in Boston.

But at the time that Mrs. Eddy began her metaphysical instruction, did the United States Government take note of her? Did the governors of either New Hampshire or Massachusetts comment in any way on her theological or spiritual activities and the successes they were meeting with, in state papers pertaining to their administrations?

When Mrs. Eddy was first ridiculed, and then converts to her principles politely persecuted by zealots of other denominations, did the newspapers or civic gazettes emblazon it?

No! Being an occurrence in the field of theology and religion strictly, it was only of interest to historians who might be particularly concerned in the growth of religious faiths in the United States.

¶ Posterity would term historians confining themselves to such subjects, Religious Writers, and only consider them as noteworthy when, as, and if such religions were discussed.



TAKE another aspect of the analogy: Suppose that some autumn twilight, back in the Nineties, Mrs. Eddy's home in Concord had been set upon by a couple of hundred hoodlums in the pay of theological bigwigs whose prestige and following were being damaged by

the spread of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. Suppose that the lady had been dragged forth and—not to put too fine a point upon it—lynched!

Is it not logical that whereas Concord township, the county, or the State of New Hampshire, might report on and properly deplore for a month or so, a happening so brutal and unconstitutional, it would truly not be of record as of any consequence outside of local police or sheriff jurisdiction?

Remember, that is precisely what happened in the case of Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism!

And the official record of it is only a mere paragraph in the annals of events in a little river town out in Missouri!



OW, without the slightest intent of introducing anti-Semitism into the pages of Reality, there is the added circumstance in the case of Jesus that He had demonstrated Himself to be the most aggressive and virulent anti-Semite of His day. ✠✠

He had called the scribes and Pharisees "whited sepulchres." He had faced the all-powerful Jewish Sanhedrin and called it the Synagogue of Satan to its members' teeth. At one time, just before His apprehension as an alleged seditionist against the State, He had gone into the Temple courtyard and started a riot, tipping over the tables of the money-changers and assaulting them physically with a whip of ropes.

Jews do not take kindly to having such criticisms leveled at them, as witness the poisonous retaliations being practiced at present against Hitler, for breaking their racial clutch on the institutions of the Fatherland.

But they do not stop with mere "poisonous retaliations" against a leader-opponent while the man is alive and inveighing against them. If it be shown that his influence is continuing after they have successfully suppressed or disposed of him, they set about in or-

ganized effort to kill off and root out all vestiges of the anti-Semitic propaganda for which he has been responsible. ✠ ✠

It comes as quite a shock to the Biblical researcher with absolutely unbiased mind, to ultimately recognize that the Jews of Jerusalem in the third year of Christ's ministry hated Him and gnashed teeth against Him with exactly the same venom that they are exhibiting today against the Chancellor of Germany. It is within Jewish character to do these things. Rabbis consider it necessary for the preservation of Judaism and its continuing solidarity.



HY need we be in any way puzzled, therefore—considering what we know to have gone on in this modern day in the instances of Mrs. Eddy on the one hand and Adolf Hitler on the other—that there is at present a curious paucity of official recognition of the Savior's life and acts in secular history? Secular history would only have begun to take note of Christ when the religion He originated—or restored to earth—had become of such note that it influenced States and politics. Which is exactly as we find it.

And when Christ, the greatest anti-Semite the world has ever known, projected a Faith that threatens world Judaism even at this moment, is it not to be expected that the Anti-Defamation Societies all up through history would have gotten to such data as authenticated the divinity of such an opponent, and suppressed or subverted it as they had the slightest chance?

It is, therefore, the influence of the aftermath of the Christ Life, that confirms the historical fact of Jesus' having lived.

¶ Contemporaneous reports of His career no doubt passed as unworthy of record excepting to the theological chroniclers—precisely as has happened in the United States in the cases of Mary Baker Eddy and Joseph Smith!



DOES NON-RESISTANCE MEAN OUR ENEMIES MAY DESTROY US?



WE ARE told in the story of the first Christmas, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, that a multitude of the Heavenly Host appeared in the skies at the moment of the Savior's birth, singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men!" The effect of this incident, reported in Holy Writ but nowhere made mention of in the civic annals of Judea or modern astronomy, is to convey the impression that Jesus entered His last incarnation for the purpose of universal pacifism—that He was, in fact, the embodiment of it.

This, despite the fact that Jesus Himself said bluntly: "I came to bring NOT peace, but a sword!"

All the way throughout the narrative of the Savior's life, however, the peace chord is struck. "Love your enemies!" "Do good to those who rend you!" "Pray for those who despitefully use you, and persecute you!"

But later on, in the Sermon on the Mount, this adjuration seems to become the very essence of the whole Christ ministry. In the twenty-fifth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew, we read this:—

"Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison."

And again in the thirty-eighth verse, comes this:—

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn unto him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile with thee, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn not thou away." ✠ ✠

Out of these specific passages comes the great Christian doctrine of so-called Non-Resistance.



WE cannot rationalize this doctrine by saying that it is figurative. It either means what it says or it does not. If it means what it says, that we should offer no resistance to those who do us injustice and wrong, or encroach upon our rights, or threaten us with bodily harm, then we as Christians—or people claiming to be Christians—are living lies when we claim our Constitutional rights that make for freedom, law, order, and equity. We are living lies when we protect ourselves or helpless women and babies from depredations of thugs, burglars, and hoodlums, or remit our taxes to the civic authorities to support police departments to do

the same things for us. We are living lies when we ask our debtors to pay us what they owe us—regardless of the fact that if they felt they did not have to do so they might push us toward bankruptcy and make us public charges.

¶ The essence of this Non-Resistance doctrine when taken literally, is supposed to effect general peace.

In addition, in practice, it is supposed to remove causes for quarreling and thus minimize appeals to law-and-order authorities. But something must be decidedly wrong somewhere!

Non-Resistance in tacit practice would not effect peace—between nations, factions, or individuals. It would provoke utter lawlessness, and criminal elements riding high, wide and handsome over honest and conscientious citizens.

In matters of law, it would encourage injustice and make a farce of Equity, which is the cornerstone of the modern State. ✿ ✿

If followed literally, it would mean the ruination of commercial life—at least such part as the true Christian engaged in in order to provide sustenance for himself and dependents. He would have no rights that anyone not Christian was bound to respect.

He would be forbidden to strive for principle, and principle when not striven for, is negated and ignored.

Life would not be a contest in which brain and spirit gained to a sharpened self-awareness through legitimate struggle. It would be a constant and despicable running-away.

Could any man in his senses have propounded such a doctrine when the effect and gist of it would mean swift and certain annihilation?

Either the whole teaching is a moral fallacy or we have overlooked some mitigating condition or qualification connected with the speaking of it.

No such intellect as Christ's would propound a doctrine that provided for society's extinction in a week at the hands of thieves, murderers, and ravishers. It is a preachment to moral suicide!



Examine Holy Writ closely to find out why the Great Teacher should have propounded an instruction that gives the most lawless and vicious elements of society the unhallowed advantage in making spineless prey of the cultured and upright, and we discover that the very first verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew sheds a great blast of illumination upon the paradox.

The fifth chapter of Matthew starts off with these words:—

“And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him: and He opened His mouth and taught them, saying . . .”

That opening phrase “And seeing the multitudes” has thrown hordes of Christians off the track of correct interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, with its non-resistance text. To read it carelessly with the eye passing swiftly along the lines, conveys the impression that Christ went up into a mountain, sat down, and talked to multitudes. Therefore the deduction is natural that He spoke the Sermon on the Mount, with its pacifist paradoxes and social impossibilities, to multitudes.

He did nothing of the sort!

The correct reading of the account of what happened proves that He did NOT talk to multitudes. He wanted to get away from multitudes. He went up into a mountain to escape them. After He got up on a mountainside in seclusion, with the “multitudes” escaped, He gathered His personal disciples about Him and gave them private instructions for carrying on His work after He had undergone His expected Crucifixion and Ascension.

It was to His twelve disciples that He commended the so-called principles of Non-Resistance, and He did it not as the exposition of general social standards for mass mankind, but for their own privy success in getting about the

earth and carrying His message to foreign parts.



In other words, He knew that His apprehension and destruction by the Synagogue of Satan was only a matter of weeks. He knew that there had to be persons survive Him and spread the principles He had inculcated—or tried to inculcate—in the nondescript rabble up and down Judea and Galilee. He had early chosen twelve men to so instruct, knowing that they would take over when He had been exterminated by the anti-Nazis of the period. On this particular occasion, He was giving them detailed orders as to how to stay out of trouble.

The work had to go forward. It had to be spread and carried to foreign lands with minimum social resistance. So the men who would thus carry it were told in specific phrases to keep out of brawls, to give the authorities no trouble, to control their tongues and not go-to-the-mat with Tom, Dick, and Harry.

¶ Private advice, given to twelve men with definite commissions and special work to do, was plainly taken down or remembered as literally as possible by Mark, and thence given out to the world as an exposition of Jesus' principles of conduct toward the world in general by anyone who bethought him to be a Christian.

The challenge is a fair one to fling at the New Testament writers otherwise: If Jesus meant such tenets for general society, why did He not practice them Himself? ✠ ✠



Did He agree with the Scribes and Pharisees quickly, when they began to put the Jewish heat on Him for the controversial statements about the essential nature of Judaism which He was making with flaming eye and two-edged tongue, all up and down Galilee and the Jordan Valley generally?

Was it in keeping with His counsel to keep the peace and not engage in brawls, that He should have entered into the Temple courtyard with a whip of ropes and started lashing out in the utmost brutality at the bankers and sellers of doves who were cluttering up the place? ✠ ✠

The fact that He was Jesus and the Christ wouldn't have excused His violating or contradicting His own ethics! Rather the fact that He was the Christ made it doubly incumbent on Him to observe them.

True, He didn't pull the nose of the high-priest or try to throw anything that might be handy at Pontius Pilate during His trial. But that would have been outside the character of any person of non-Jewish culture, anyhow.

The Trial, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension, were all predestined parts of the same divine drama, and had to be gone through with.



O! Jesus called his private and personal agents together on a mountain, out of earshot of the crowd, and told them how they must conduct themselves to "sell" his principles to mankind with least "sales resistance."

Mark is supposed to have taken down His words literally and passed them along to mankind. And of course the Jews of the world, when they saw that the growth and strength of Christianity were getting away from them, leaped on that private mountain-instruction and used it whenever convenient against Christians who were hot on Jewish trails for great social misdemeanors. ✠ ✠

"You can't do a thing to us!" slobbered the caught or cornered Israelites. "Your own Christ says it's against your principles to lay a finger on us, in any way, shape, manner, or form!"

And this seems to be the gist of the business that has been going on in the

two thousand years that have intervened since Galilee.

The theory of Non-Resistance is made general, and mischievously subverted for application to ALL Christians—suicidal and destructive as it is—by the very people who crucified the Elder Brother, and later sought mercy of His followers when reprisals were certain by using His private instructions to disciples to gain Jews exemption.

Let's be sensible!



THE FACTS of the whole matter were, that despite everything which the Judaists tried to do to kill it off or suppress it, Christianity got indubitably established and "started going places." When the Judaists discovered that it was becoming too formidable for them to cope with, they said among themselves: "If we can't crush it from existence then we've got to tie into it and subvert it, using that non-resistance business as a real bulwark for ourselves." So the doctrine called Ebionitism made its certain appearance.

The Ebionites were supposed to be a sect of Jews sympathetic toward the new creed but charged with the commission to make it appear to converts that one couldn't be a real Christian without first becoming a real Judaist, or admitting that Jews held front rank in this irrepressible faith that was everywhere threatening the existence of Jewry. ✠ ✠

It was the Ebionites who made such a sudden and noisy pother about the pacifist business in the Sermon on the Mount. Their organizers, preaching Judeo-Christianity, went out from Jerusalem and tried to persuade the Greek Gentile Christians that they were not properly Christianized because they had not first submitted to the rites of Judaism. ✠ ✠

It was from this program of the Ebionites, or Judeo-Christians, that the alle-

gation got started that Jesus Himself was a Jew. They conveniently overlooked that Jesus was a Nazarene and a native of Galilee, despite the fact that His mother happened to give birth to Him in Bethlehem of Judea when making the journey there to be taxed. Nazareth was a Gentile town, in the Gentile province of Galilee—or Gaul-ilee—and the Jews had no use for the place, screamed anathemas against it, and forbade true Israelites to live there. It got its name from the Gauls that Sargon imported into the province after the annihilation of the seven Northern Tribes. ✠ ✠

All of which is another story!



THE Ebionites worked for years to "bore into" the new faith and turn the edge of its hostility to Judaism. The early church fathers called it a "heresy."

The Bible known to us today wasn't compiled till three to four hundred years after the start of Christianity.

And when such compilation did occur, that Christ adjuration to be non-resistant to one's "enemies" had been worked up into a fetish by the Judeo-Christians in order that Christian strength might not finally wipe Jewish peoples from existence. Again, let's be sensible!

If men of honor were not ready—and had not been ready through the years—to fight, and perhaps die, for principle, we should have no civilization. It would long-since have perished at the hands of the lawless.

It isn't the fact of fighting, itself, that counts. It's what you fight FOR! Likewise whether you fight honorably, and in the sportsmanlike manner.

To struggle and achieve, to subdue and organize, is a Law of Nature.

Christ never advocated violation of the laws of nature.

He knew them too well. Besides, He had too much intelligence to advocate otherwise! ✠ ✠



DID CHRIST DO HIS MIRACLES BY BEING MAN-AND-WOMAN?



It seems to be a fact that the mystics of all ages have been either believers in, or expounders of, the doctrine of the so-called bisexual nature of the human spirit. The bisexual nature of the human spirit means that by some celestial mystery not precisely known upon this sphere, the original Cell of Consciousness that projects out of the great ocean of Holy Spirit—and when housed in physical body, or pair of bodies, in mortality, is known as a Soul—early in its lowest forms of functioning automatically separates, or divides. ¶ Its aggressive and combative qualities forthwith proceed to occupy a biological body that is known as Masculine, while its conserving and nurturing qualities proceed at the same time to occupy a biological body that is known as Feminine. These two continue in rotations of such occupancies generation upon generation, teaming together in those separate biological vehicles for the purposes of producing young or for the education that comes from the friction of their personalities one on the other, until both halves have absorbed the increments from all the experiences that mortality has to give. Thereat they evolve off together into higher octaves of Consciousness, until up some far-distant day they fuse together again. With the quality of their consciousness brought to highest flower by such fric-

tional play of character on character, they resume the status from which they started out when emerging from the great ocean of Holy Spirit.

This hypothesis, say the mystics, explains the folklore story of the Bible: of God's putting Adam into a deep sleep and taking from his side a rib, from which He fashioned Woman.

It accounts for the hunger that is deep and instinctive in every human heart, man and woman both, for someone of the opposite sex who is an exact affinity—who possesses all the traits of character in precisely the right amounts and in the happy degree of expression that makes for conjugal happiness based on ideality. Such a person in the opposite sex would, or should, be the Cosmic Other Half of the person so hungering.

¶ It explains most of the classical romances of history, and other romances of the present that are not so classical.

¶ It explains the sacred terminology that attends on the common marriage ceremony; presupposing that a man and a woman in love have "gotten that way" by recognizing in one another their spiritual counterparts and complements, the Christian marriage rite makes much of the inference that husband and wife are "one flesh," and "what God hath joined, let no man put asunder." ✠ ✠

In the physics of Christian Mysticism, we refer to such bisexuality as Polarity. If the right man and woman have

found each other in the current mortal visitation—in other words, if the Masculine Half of a celestial spirit has met and recognized its Feminine Half so that one fully composed spirit is represented by the two of them, although each half for the moment may be exercising control over its independent physical equipment, we say that they are in Polarity.

Commonly, too, we put it that the aggressive masculine set of attributes constitutes the Positive in such polarity, and the nurturing and conserving feminine set of attributes constitutes the Negative. ✿ ✿

This does not mean that every man is positive and every woman negative. It only means that for the purpose of identifying the polarity, one is negative to the other's positive.

But the matter neither sums up, nor stops, with the achievement of mere compatibility.

It is a fact known and tested by the higher experimenters in metapsychics, that when a man half-spirit comes into true association with the woman half-spirit to which he rightfully belongs—and along with which he was originally hatched from the same Cosmic Egg—their combined consciousness as an impelling Thought Force in the universe can get results all out of proportion to the mere combination of force represented by their doubling-up!

If a happily married man and woman, living in the utmost compatibility and sympathy, undertake to work together mentally, especially undertaking common diaphragm exercises of breathing in unison while they visualize what they commonly desire, it has been demonstrated time and again that they command powers of materialization appearing to total four times the strength that each could command separately.

In other words, the perfect compatibility and unified effort as between male and female halves of the same soul, result in an energy of Thought, for manifestation purposes, whose power

is the square of the degree of strength inherent in them as units making a pair.

¶ And apparently too, for all we know to the contrary, the higher and more astute the degree of consciousness reached by them both as an accomplished tandem, the more terrific the force which they command and direct.



THIS MATTER of perfect Polarity and its powers, is a subject of which modern metaphysicians and mystics seem to have but scratched the

surface. If those of us who are only beginning to probe the matter are aware that there is a manifesting and materializing Force that is compounded, by union, to the square of the powers inherent in the half-soul individual, what then—we may ask our imaginations—is the manifesting and materializing power that is achieved and directed when the fusion of the Masculine and Feminine attributes has spiritually taken place?

If we can conceive of a bisected celestial spirit having fused back into its original form, after each of its halves has completed the long gamut of three-dimensional visitations, and then that fused spirit as an entity coming down into this three-dimensional world and taking up its residence in ONE human body, it is logical to assume that it might commonly and without effort exhibit capabilities of Thought that to the bisected mortal spirit would be considered little short of miraculous.

Such exhibits of fused Thinking would not be considered at all unique or marvelous in a higher octave of existence where such unions had been universally achieved. They would see nothing more wonderful in what they might do, than the average man or woman today thinks it is "wonderful" to construct an automobile or do a sum in arithmetic. A dog or an ape might regard the average mortal constructing an automobile or doing a sum in arith-

metic—if either animal could comprehend what was in progress at all—as little short of a god in his exercise of consciousness or display of intelligence. ¶ All of which leads up to this colossal thought—

Is it not entirely plausible, these cosmic hypotheses having basis in fact, that the miracle-working powers of a Great Celestial Avatar like Jesus the Christ may have been inherent within Him because, speaking in terms of Transcendentalism, the fusion of masculine and feminine elements within His psyche had already occurred; then that this “completed” spirit, for purposes of mentoring the race throughout this expiring Piscean Period, had incarnated in the physical body of Jesus of Nazareth?



Is it not a peculiar circumstance that, outside of the time that Jesus asked Peter: “Whom say men that I am?” there was scarcely a case of the Great Instructor’s referring to Himself in his physical composition, or elucidating how his Spirit Itself came to be so much higher developed in the degree of its intelligence and powers of its consciousness than those among whom He commonly moved and mingled?

True, there are several places where He made no effort to deny that He considered Himself the Son of God. But by the same token He went to considerable pains to try to make it clear that all of us were Sons of God. Again and again He affirmed: “The things that I do, ye may do also; yea greater things than I do, shall ye do, . . . if ye but believe on me!”—that is, adhere to His instruction morally, ethically, and spiritually, till His degree of perfection was arrived at. But as to the essential composition of His own psyche, Jesus was queerly and unnaturally silent. At least, none of his references to Himself in the physio-spiritual sense have been authentically preserved for us. His

character itself, however, and even His physical appearance as it has been depicted by inspired painters, holds some weird clues to the plausibility—and even possibility—that the bisexual fusion of the soul-halves had long since occurred to produce the Being that incarnated at the Nativity.



HERE has ever been a strange and natural blending of masculine and feminine attributes exhibited in the character of Jesus, in a wondrous balance. Women appear to have loved Him, and still are drawn to Him today, for His sterling masculine qualities expressed by His courage, both moral and physical, and His natural inclination to protect and provide. Men appear to have loved Him, and perhaps are drawn toward Him today from such reasons more than they are aware, because of His compassionate and companionable feminine qualities.

In his physical appearance, as it is popularly represented, and as it has come down to us traditionally, He was decidedly masculine and feminine. If the description of Him accredited to Josephus be correct, He had an extraordinary physique as to strength and agility, and His beard bore testimony to his biological masculinity. On the other hand, the long and exquisitely-curved woman’s hair, the tenderness of manner, and the solicitation for the weak, unfortunate, ailing, or infantile, all bespoke a distinct femininity.

His so-called Miracles, however, done apparently without effort, giving Him popular identification as a mystical Being from a higher celestial sphere, indicate more clearly than any physical characteristics that He was in easy and unmomentous possession of the same manifestation and materialization Thought Powers that are said by the mystics of all generations to accrue as the result of perfect bisexual Polarity!

¶ It is food for profound thought!



HOW IS THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST TO OCCUR?

IF great Pyramid prophecy and sacred prediction are not purest necromancy, it must be accredited that one of these imminent Yuletides is going to be the last and final Christmas that the world will ever keep. It is seriously to be doubted that humanity will continue to observe the Bethlehem Tradition after Our Lord has made His reappearance upon earth and established the Kingdom of Righteousness to which He constantly referred.

That Christ is "coming back" to participate in, and possibly direct, mundane affairs, is one of the boldest and strongest tenets of the whole Christian faith. New Testament doctrine well-nigh takes it for granted. Christ Himself is assumed to have promised His disciples: "I say unto you that there are those among you who shall not taste of death until I come again!"—at least such is the essence of the statement when translated into English. ¶ Skeptics, of course, point to this passage—and to the fact that all the disciples and early converts did die without Christ's reappearing—in support of the contention that the messianic parts of Christianity are a hoax. Skeptics—conversely as orthodox as backwoods Fundamentalists—are unaware that the passage could only be translated that way to have it make sense to persons who know nothing of

the Reincarnational Hypothesis ~~to~~ That the Disciples and Apostles probably never HAVE tasted of "death" since Galilee, in the sense of graduating off about their business in Higher Octaves of Spirit, but have been incarnating over and over in successive new physical vehicles and keeping the Christian Program up to new "highs" in each generation, is probably the version closer to the truth.

However that may be, it is a certainty in logic that there should be a termination of sequence to the Christian drama that began, roughly speaking, two thousand years ago.

The Galilean Episode was the definite start of such sequence. It has to be completed. In between the initial appearance of Christ and His so-called Second Coming, runs the "gospel age"—when the Christ Message was to be preached "as a witness unto the Gentiles." And it can only be completed by the Savior's returning "in person" and directing the consummation of the commission that the "deathless" disciples have been sustaining since the Crucifixion.

Now then, conceding that the eventuality of a Second Appearance is a bona fide happening and that the implications of prophecy in such regard have been correctly reported, what cues have we—if any—indicating in what manner such Return is to come about?

In the Book of Revelations, purported

to have been written by St. John the Divine on the Island of Patmos, the impression is conveyed that Jesus is to make His return into the earth-state in a time of stupendous celestial pyrotechnics in the heavens.

We are familiar with the story—

At the Crack o' Doom the skies above are to split wide open suddenly and a titanic spectacle is to be revealed—with a concourse of angels, saints, seraphim, and all the rest of the heavenly attaches, making a gigantic bodyguard for the Son of God, who forthwith walks down the center of the scene and proceeds to judge the nations—dividing the rightists from the leftists and putting an end to further international mischiefs eternally.

There are not lacking good Christians who hold the vague notion that a nation is something that can be picked up and examined, turned over and looked at on the underside, and placed in some favored position or tossed through the celestial window into the trash-can at the caprice of the Heavenly Potentate. A nation, however, is merely a political aggregation of people, good, bad, and indifferent as to ethics or morals insofar as the personal equation is concerned. So a literality of the Judgment Scene develops something of a flaw in the item of what, specifically, is to be judged. ✠ ✠

Then another thing: John wrote his nocturnal experiences into an account in a time when men everywhere assumed the world to be flat. Such a concept of the earth as an area, made it comparatively easy to accredit that such a heavenly spectacle could, and would, be seen by all inhabitants dwelling upon its upper surface.

But the earth is an orb, and rotates upon its axis every twenty-four hours. That astronomical fact introduces complications into the staging of such a spectacle. There is truly no "up" and no "down" with reference to a planetary sphere. There is only distance concerned as between the globe's surface

and the point out in space in which such a spectacle occurs.

If it happened in "the heavens above" one country, in the eastern hemisphere, it wouldn't be seen or known about excepting by Associated Press report and hearsay by other countries in the western hemisphere.

If the Second Coming "stayed in one place" for its staging, in interstellar space, it would have to drag either its tableau or its action over twenty-four hours for it to be seen by all peoples, in all countries, in both hemispheres. And granted such an unthinkable thing happened, it would be moving across the sky, sun-wise, and eventually disappear over the western horizon.

If it happened over any specific country, and the spectacle turned with the motion of the earth so as to remain fixed above that country, then by what celestial conditioning would one country or group of countries in one hemisphere be favored by such performance, to the neglect or escape of hordes of equally devout Christians in the opposite hemisphere?

It is one thing indeed to prescribe these celestial extravaganzas as a bit of awesome imagery. It is quite something else to make them fit the specifications of natural law in the physical world. ¶ And inasmuch as the Day of Judgment, or the Second Coming, either one, concerns activity that most certainly pertains to the physical world, it could not happen in utter disregard of natural law.



AFTER putting a question-mark for the moment against the concepts most widely promoted by the Seventh Day Adventists, we turn to a brief consideration of the claims of certain esoteric cults that Jesus as an "Ascended Master" is doubtless going to effect His return by reincarnating in the body of a child, exactly as He did in Bethlehem in the first instance.

Legion, in fact, are the devout mystical students who will solemnly tell you that doubtless He has already accomplished this incarnation and is now "growing up" somewhere in the "east" in the body of this or that unknown, to make Himself manifest in His own good time. ✠ ✠

The trouble with this hypothesis is, that unless He exactly duplicates His former physical appearance—so that it coincides with representations of Him as medieval and modern painters have envisioned him, how will His followers know that it is He? For such a psyche to claim to be He, even to starting up a new cycle of miracles, would only precipitate a debate: Is it He or is it not? There is nothing disrespectful meant in the reminder to unthinking persons, that unless Christ returned with long curls and beard, and dressed in the flowing robes such as were common in Palestine 1900 years ago, He wouldn't be Christ—to millions of Christians.

¶ A Jesus clean-shaven, and with His hair cut in the manner common to modern barbershops, wouldn't be acknowledged! ✠ ✠

So for some young man out of India or Tibet to stand forth in times like the present, and announce that He is the reincarnation of Jesus and will Washington, D. C., 10 Downing Street, and the executives of all the other governments of the world come before Him to receive judgment or relinquish over to Him would only make the enigma the more ridiculous.

If Christ therefore WERE to make a Second Coming, and in such form as would conform to astronomical convenience, natural law, and popular recognitions, what would be the more rational and effective way to do it?

Is it not the more plausible hypothesis that it could be awesomely and scientifically managed by a swift, sudden, and overwhelming materialization of His "Light-Body" in such time and place as would be comparable with the significance of the event?

Suppose—and, mind you, this is only a supposition for the purpose of registering a point!—suppose that a vast conclave of the statesmen of East and West had come together, say in some place in Europe, for the purpose of deciding upon another world war that meant the collapse of civilization.

Suppose that fifty governments—cabinets, congresses, parliaments—were in assembly in as many participating countries breathlessly and fearsomely awaiting the outcome of such master-deliberations.

Suppose that the Great Teacher be-thought Him to take that vital moment to herald the fact to universal mankind that He had returned to the earth's surface in truth and meant to take charge of such suicidal deliberations and halt the plunge of civilization over the martial precipice.

What if, within the space of a few minutes, He suddenly emblazoned His Light-Body above the speakers' rostrums of that master-assembly, and all the waiting congresses and parliaments elsewhere, and with upraised hand spoke the loud word "PEACE!"

¶ Would it not be sufficient to cast consternation amounting to cataclysmic shock into those war-making governments and shake the society of earth to its foundations with the realization that the one-time promisings of Jesus had finally matured in acts?



UNDERSTAND, this is merely thrown out as a suggestion as to how the Second Coming could be effected, and yet comply with natural and psychical law to the fullest iota. Whether it does happen that way or not, is something else again.

Anyhow, it COULD happen, and would be far more effective and in compliance with natural and astronomical law than the old-time concepts of the fathers, who built their expectations on the notion that the earth was flat! ✠



MY SEVEN MINUTES EXPERIENCE FROM TEN YEARS LATER

By the Editor of Reality



WITH the passing of 1938, exactly a decade has transpired since that memorable night on a southern California mountaintop when I extinguished my bed-lamp and fell asleep to undergo the "Seven Minutes in Eternity" experience that was to alter my career, my fortunes, and my life.

It was in May of 1928 that the spiritual adventure befell me. Eight months were to transpire before I acquiesced to the promptings of my Inner Urge and wrote up the episode for *The American Magazine*. Once it was written and published, however, I was slated for disruptions. ✻ ✻

The mail that was received in consequence of publication, and turned over to me, begged for more enlightenment on this most mystifying of all experiences: pushing behind the Veil of Mortality and returning with the conviction that Death is a fallacy—at least as an extinguishment of Consciousness. I responded to that reader-interest by beginning the publishing of my own metapsychical magazine, *The New Liberator*.

The New Liberator led to the publication of the Liberation Scripts—taken from my subsequent clairaudient recordings. ✻ ✻

The publication of the Liberation

Scripts led to the establishment of the League for the Liberation.

The League for the Liberation led directly to the Galahad College Summer School in Western North Carolina—which in turn led to the Foundation Fellowship and the Legion of Christian Silvershirts.

Step by step, month by month and year by year, the denouement of that nocturnal experience on the California mountaintop has led to my present role of spiritual, educational, and vigilante counsellorship throughout the whole United States.

Now come friends, as the decade closes, asking me some pardonable questions. No month passes but what I am queried:

"Now that you have had the chance to view your experience called 'My Seven Minutes in Eternity' from the perspective of time, how do you feel about it? Are you still of the opinion that it was a bona fide discarnate adventure? Have you ever repeated on the episode? Are the 'gifts' of clairaudience and psychical unfoldment that you claim accompanied your return from your experience, as pronounced and practically usable as they were while the wonder of the adventure was fresh upon your consciousness? If you had the last ten years to live over again, would you solicit the Seven Minutes experience voluntarily as a premise for what those years have unfolded?"



MY reactions to the Seven Minutes in Eternity experience in general might be compared to the sensations of a man who ten years in the past heard a thunderous jolt occur in his dooryard and learned upon investigation that a tremendous meteor had fallen from the skies, which had turned out on examination to be a solid mass of diamonds! ¶ When in the course of the week or the month I have cause to consider myself in relation to the Experience at all, I have a feeling of strangeness come over me that I should have been the particular one to whom it happened—and that my life should have contained it at all.

Sometimes I am visited by the eerie feeling that what truly has happened to me in this mortal span has been the living of two lives: the one I knew as an ordinary New England lad with his own way to make, with the increments and successes that I achieved before my thirty-ninth year, and the one I have lived since and am living at this moment. ✿ ✿

Verily, contrasting one with the other, comparing the philosophies, environments, acquaintanceships and aspirations of the first, with the revelations, psychical inhibitions, altered fortunes, and public responsibilities of the second, I might as well view myself as two separate personalities. It has not been unlike two earthly incarnations barring the fact that no change of bodies or period of discarnation took place in between.

Certainly I never dreamed, by the wildest flight of nocturnal imagination—in the first half of my life—that the second half was going to turn out as it has. Certainly I never envisioned in those thirty-eight years of being a manufacturer, a newspaper publisher, a novelist, a war correspondent, that human life could comprise bona fide contact with Consciousness in higher octaves, that I would be acquiescent to relinquishing

all my material gains that I had achieved to the moment, in exposition of it, or that I could ever embark upon a role that should put a mighty political influence in my hands stretching from coast to coast, with a life-and-death fight involved with millions of nation-sabotaging Jews.

Those metamorphoses don't happen in the average mortal life. Yet they happened to me, and I have to accept them.

¶ And by the fact that they did happen to me, and that I have the evidence of my senses in the form of the huge volume of esoteric wisdom which I have been the agent for recording and disseminating—esoteric wisdom of which I not only knew nothing but whose existence in human erudition I did not even suspect up to the time of the Experience—I have become sold on my own doctrine.

The doctrine contains the explanation in itself.

My temperament is not one that could accredit that the whole of it was chance! ✿ ✿



TEACHERS of Psychiatry, materialistic psychologists, self-styled experts on insanities, hallucinations, and disorders of the mind, have queried me from time to time, asking me to write them "in confidence" if what I underwent on that California mountainside in 1928 wasn't, after all, a dream? ✿ ✿

I have had to answer such queries—if I have answered them at all—by the counter-demand: "If the Experience which I underwent in Altadena, California, was merely a particularly vivid dream, how has it happened that in all the thousands of nights of dreaming which I have lived through since, I have never once had a nocturnal adventure that begins to compare in the slightest degree of vividity with that epochal sojourn that, as aforesaid, changed my life? ✿ ✿

No, I have never repeated on the experience, or approached anything in the way of subliminal illusion that begins to compare with it!

My habits of life have not altered in the slightest from what they were before the Altadena episode. I occupy the same body, use the same mind, think the same thoughts hour by hour in the same secular world, exercise the same temperament, that I did prior to 1928. If there were anything in these, guaranteeing to produce the phenomenon, why have they never produced another, since? ✿ ✿

Particularly vivid dreams I have, night upon night—dreams that often run to long sequences, involving scores of persons who are strangers to my waking hours—yet morning upon morning, I know they have been dreams.

The Seven Minutes Experience, ten years after, stands unique and alone.

It only happened once!

Once, forsooth, was plenty!



VERY little while I am secretly amused when some Legion associate defects in the work and by way of exercising his spleen upon me, gives it out—very confidentially!—that he knows it to be a fact that whereas, some years ago, I did have clairaudient gifts and recorded a series of remarkable higher-octave discourses, it so happened that I suddenly lost all of them when I engaged in Silvershirt work and started “hating” the Jews.

These defected ones, it seems, know everything about it. They even know more about it than I know—more about me than I know about myself.

They base their claims as to my alleged “loss” of the clairaudient voice on the evidence that whereas six to eight years ago I continually put out Scripts of the highest esoteric tenor, since 1932 little has been offered that stacks up with my first labors.

One story was even promoted up and

down the Pacific coast that I never had been clairaudient in the first place. My claims were a hoax. What more probably happened was, that from 1928 to 1932 I enjoyed the close acquaintance of a psychical lady friend. This nameless lady “gave” me all my spiritual writings, and after I “broke company” with her, my talent was a bust. ✿ ✿

Long since I gave up trying to counteract such nonsense. If I became excited under the collar and tried to “answer” all the diatribes and defamations heaped upon me from New Year’s to Christmas, I should be doing nothing else.

The correct version is—

In the flush of first exuberance, knowing that I possessed such gifts at all, I was prone to publish and proclaim whatever “came over” . . . furthermore, I was turning virgin soil. The luscious spiritual meat of the Liberation Doctrine in its essence was mine to be carved—and served to waiting readers as a banquet for the soul. Furthermore, back in the years 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, I had time to divert to psychical recordings which—alas!—is not mine at present.



ROUND the clock I worked, week upon week, month upon month. Few associates disturbed me. I had no battle to meet a publishing payroll or to thwart the onslaughts of murderous critics or enemies. I recorded the Doctrine in 5,000 pages. But there being but one such Doctrine, after it was so recorded, additions were desultory. Having taken the work and absorbed it into my consciousness and temperament, I now send it forth through the interpretation of my philosophy. I do this purposely.

It makes for rationalizing balance!

There is a point reached, too, in the exercise of Clairaudience, where it becomes well-nigh impossible to discern between the thoughts of one’s own

head and the counsel of constant mentors, standing watch and ward from the fourth dimension, keeping one's life-work advancing on true rails.

I do not mean by this that conscious will is subjugated to counsel that never ceases. I mean that a given thought of mine—or what I consider to be my own thought—will be recognized, encouraged, augmented, developed, executed and materialized by assistants standing by, aiding me to live my life to its utmost. Call them Guardian Angels, if you are inclined to be orthodox.

Even the most vehement Fundamentalist will usually accredit the fact of Guardian Angels. I go further than the Fundamentalist and say: "My Guardian Angels are not figments of sentiment. They are very real personages. A thousand times a month they preserve me from destruction, turn my feet from unwitting error, give me warnings of pitfalls and how to avoid them. I choose to believe as well that I have Guardian Angels who know ways of transferring mental speech to the ear of my mind. But they do not intrude, they do not tamper with my judgment, initiative, or conscious discrimination. They merely pick up what I start, augment what I originate. And not till I view my work in perspective do I fully appreciate how certain has been their help!"



EN years have passed, I say, and never was the Cosmic Wire clearer for transfer of such Thought Speech between the octaves. Only long practice has turned the edge of first novelty. I accept Clairaudience now as a fact of my existence—like my physical senses of seeing or feeling—making the most of the endowments offered unto me, doing the job because it waits to be done. But would I deliberately prescribe such a denouement for the latter half of my life, were I back in 1927 knowing what I do now about the results of the Ex-

perience? My answer is YES!—but not because acclaim has featured that denouement. ✿ ✿

I would deliberately prescribe it because knowing what I do now, I would easily see that such denouement was my brevet.

We never escape our brevets. And we cannot avoid them or we cease to exist. ✿ ✿

My life, your life, everybody's life, is generally prescribed before we ever enter into it. We undertake to get certain tasks done, to do for intimates, relatives, dependents, friends, business associates, or society at large, certain acts or sequences of service—the sum-total of which gives mortal life its pattern. Knowing that this is so, receiving the explanations for every mortal stricture that such wisdom carries, having every complication or mystery of life expounded while still in a role where explanations have a practical and applicable value, makes for an existence pseudo-celestial in its essence.

¶ It means looking at mortal life from a vantage point slightly above the heads of the common man or woman still blundering and groping in the follies of spiritual ignorance. And while increased wisdom means increased power, and increased power means increased responsibility, there still is gratification in realizing that one has the inherent Inner strength to fill one's role or he never could have gained to it.

¶ This I know at present: I have had all the experiences that I want to have; I believe I have known enough thrills, vicissitudes, loves, hatreds, successes, and aspirations fulfilled to feature one lifetime, and what remains now is but entertaining anticlimax.

I feel that I know enough about Death now, and the spiritual successions of the so-called after-life, not to have the slightest fear of it.

Is the whole of it strange? I say ALL life is strange. We merely overlook its strangeness in the stress and strain of living it!



THE GREAT PYRAMID ROUND-UP SEQUENCE ENDS IN 1939



BEFORE another issue of this periodical shall have come from the press, earthly time shall have advanced into the nineteen-hundred-and-fortieth year after the birth of Christ. Society will have entered, in other words, the year 1939. It is human nature to have a curiosity to know what events such a new year is to comprise. To prophesy this or that occurrence as fated to happen, would satisfy mortal curiosity for a petty transient period, but little would be gained of a spiritual nature. Events adverse to society's well-being would only cause worry, while events slated for society's enhancement are bound to produce their loads of profit, anyhow.

¶ Nevertheless, there are certain esoteric significances to the year that lies ahead, which come under the head of predictions more than prophecies, and which we should by no means disregard. ✿ ✿

For one thing, we know that the great Round-Up Period foretold by Great Pyramid markings—which began twenty-six years ago, March 12, 1913—is due to end in 1939, to be specific, on November 20th.

According to the significance attached to the sequence by such authorities as Professor Davidson, the date of November 20, 1939, marks the termination of that time span wherein men of earth, as well as nations of earth, have been en-

joying opportunity to voluntarily declare themselves, whether they stood thenceforth on the side of the Forces of Light, or on the side of the Cohorts of Darkness!



HIS inference, of course, raises the question as to earthly identification we can give to those divisions. What, or who, are the Forces of Light, and what, or who, are the Cohorts of Darkness? To the average mind, accustomed to making obvious deductions, it would seem easy to decide that perhaps the souls and races of men had choice as to whether they would align themselves with the world's Communists—and Communistic governments—or with those opposed to Communists and Communistic governments. Certainly that would seem to be a fairly obvious conclusion after looking at the events on earth since the War, and scrutinizing the phenomenon and growth of Bolshevism.

Communism—or Bolshevism—would seem to symbolize all that is most vicious and godless in modern society. But students who can view even Communism or Bolshevism abstractly and philosophically will be more inclined to conclude that they must make the effort to go BEHIND Communism and look for identification of the Cohorts of Darkness in those satanic persons who

have been sponsoring not only Communism but most of the world's economic distresses and political travesties.

¶ It will not even mean in this regard, to the dispassionate student, that the Jewish peoples should be indicted en masse for the mortal debris that they have been making of Christian world-institutions.

It should by no means be a correct deduction to contend offhandedly that the Cohorts of Darkness are the Jews as such. ✿ ✿

Again—admitting that Christian philosophers, moralists, and sociologists, cannot by any means recommend Jewish ethics as a plan of life for the world's races and nationals either to submit to, or to follow—we must go in BEHIND Judaism and recognize the influences that make it what it is.

The Jews as a race, like the Communists as pseudo-internationalists, are merely personalized and acquiescent stooges of great cosmic negations.

Without holding any brief for either Communists or Jews, nor exhibiting the slightest indications of apologizing for them, sane judgment forces the esoteric analyst to recognize that merely being a Communist or Jew does not make a man evil, or a candidate for the Cohorts of Darkness. And conversely there are Gentiles and non-Communists who are living day-to-day lives just as wicked and conscienceless, as anything practiced in the Luciferian line by satraps of Bolshevia or parasitic Sons of Abraham.



WHAT the Great Mentors to the world—who specified the distinctions and classifications to be completed by November 20th, of next year—probably meant to indicate in the Pyramid markings of the Round-Up, was a determining of those incarnate spirits who were shown to be approbatory of the moral law of Christ and of those whose tenets

are: "Whatever is, is worth destroying!" ✿ ✿

If promoters of Communism are in the latter class, it is chiefly because the bloody program of Communism has offered them likeliest opportunity to play their temperamental roles and work their destructions on world society.

If the ethics—or lack of ethics—of Judaism give them other opportunities to declare their hostility to forms of righteousness, then we shall probably find the greatest numbers of them incarnated as Jews.

But these are the effects from causes, not causes of themselves. They are the products of maliciously premeditated evil, not premeditated evil's creators. There is every difference in the world!

¶ For twenty-six years, we are asked to accept, human beings now in life—Jew and Gentile, Christian and pagan, men of every race and political faith—have had opportunities and invitations made available to the end and aim that they should voluntarily and temperamentally declare themselves as to whether they would thenceforth be amenable to the moral law embodied in the Christ, or seek to thwart, oppose, and defeat it.

If their inclinations and sympathies have lain with the former, for cosmic uplift, then they have elected to join the Forces of Light. If they have been—or now are—disposed to turn in blind rage and hate, away from it, then they are vassals in the Cohorts of Darkness.

¶ The interesting proposition faces us: Is it truly possible that over the past twenty-six years, EVERY living person has been presented with his chance to register such election?

Apparently within another eleven months they will have done so!

And that brings us to the more obvious fecundities of 1939.

Whether the secular world cares to believe it or not, something very definite happened on the last Great Pyramid date of importance, September 16, 1936. It requires no

Pyramid student to discern that almost nothing which the Bolshevik Israelite has attempted since that date, looking to the spread of either Communism or anti-Christian Judaism, has "jelled." He has lost his wars in both Spain and China. He has lost his spring-board for the advance of Bolshevism into central Europe: Czechoslovakia. In the United States he may have won the 1936 election, but the past two years have disclosed that "it didn't mean a thing!" The New Deal, scandalously administered by the people of Abraham, has lost one piece of major legislation after another, lost its control of the Democratic Party, lost popular support in many of those States where its Relief aid had been heaviest, until its loss of general prestige is now so great that nothing but a major emergency, or national catastrophe, can restore it.

In Germany, the Munich Pact to keep the peace of Europe has been negotiated and Hitler has risen in world commendation in the exact ratio that the Israelite has lost.

This rise of Hitler and his studied successes, compounding one upon the other, sweeping one nation after the other into a world-wide pact of anti-Judaism, give the lie to the writings and boastings of the rabbis, ancient and modern, that "the times of the Gentiles" are drawing to a close.

Instead of the times of the Gentiles' drawing to any close, just the opposite is happening. It is the times of the Jews that are drawing to a close!

Communitic Judah has been everywhere checkmated, everywhere exposed. The Soviet regime is on the verge of collapse with Stalin afraid to pit the Red army against a major power, suspecting wholesale desertions of his forces. So great is the fear of an anti-Semitic pogrom in that country that Red Russian soldiers are only permitted to have one cartridge apiece for their rifles.

Jews are "on the move" throughout the whole world, driven forth, out-

lawed, never so far from the establishment of any Palestine homeland as they are at present, with this new year imminent. In Germany, after riots resulting from the Jewish murder of a Nazi official, they are facing the ghetto again, or fleeing as refugees to such countries as will take them, notably our own.



KNOWLEDGE of these happenings is, of course, common property. But a knowledge that is not such common property is the gist of Judah's two remaining and desperate moves. Having failed to put over satanic Communism—thanks principally to a pitiless and effective expose by American vigilante organizations—and realizing that Communism and Judaism are generally coming to be regarded as synonymous, the strategy of the modern Israelite is now to withdraw his support from Communism and thus kill it off, while at the same time he hopes to kill off the menacing vigilante hostility against him as a Jew, that has arisen with it.

As the great Jews of the world quietly withdraw their financial support from Communism and permit agencies like the Dies Committee to probe it and lance it, they suddenly commence forming their own anti-Communist organizations.

As the great Jews withdraw their financial support from Communism, thus compelling it to die a natural death through emasculation, these Jewish anti-Communist societies will appear to get the results that the Gentile vigilante organizations had difficulty in getting—to the same effective degree.

So the Jew will try to turn his great world-wide Communist fizzle into a gain for himself as an Israelite by calling attention to the fact that Communism vanished as a menace simultaneously with the appearance of his own anti-Communist societies.

Therefore—Q-E-D!—the Jew was responsible for killing off Communism

and should be properly rewarded for such racial achievement.

Nothing is said of the fact that he is thereby killing off something that he and his people started in the first place and have been assiduously financing and promoting till vigilante exposes made the going too dangerous.

The Jew will strive to appear in the role of savior of the world from the Red menace—which has been in steady eclipse, anyhow, since the night of September 16, 1936.



THE second development that will distinguish 1939 unfailingly will be the same Israelite's attempt to regain his lost "face" by seeking to pass the War Resources Bill in the American Congress, get the President made supreme arbiter of what constitutes neutrality, and with these two measures "in the bag," administer such insults to Hitler that the Germans will be forced to take note of, and act on them.

These hold every possibility of the Jew's thus manipulating the refugee problem to bring about a declaration of war on Germany, Italy, France, and England, by a coalition composed mainly of the United States and disintegrating Bolshevikia. ✠ ✠

Forces are already at work, however, to disrupt that satanic strategy as well. It is yet too risky to say whether they shall succeed or fail. But one thing is certain: if they fail, it will be the first time they have failed since September, 1936. ✠ ✠

Every trend of world event since September of 1936, as aforesaid, has been cosmic repudiation of the Biblical myth that the Jews are God's Chosen People, and that with the passing of the times of the Gentiles, the whole earth is to be relinquished to Jewish domination. ✠ ✠

Instead of progressing toward the consummation of Jehovah's traditional covenant with Abraham, and the triumphant ascendancy of Jewish

world influence to the pinnacle of power, the Jew's fortunes never were so fraught with universal disaster as they are this present month with 1939 in the offing.

Serious anti-Silvershirt riots in Chicago the last week in November, in which Jews were packed off to jail or hospital, mean that the Semitic Question has arrived in the United States. The influx of tens of thousands more Jews month by month, points inexorably to greater and stronger rancor against this people.

☪ Rabbi Lewis Brown voices Jewish recognition of the fate that awaits Judah when he is reported to have said to an audience of his fellow racials: "There is now no choice. We are definitely aligned, Jew versus Gentile!"



ALL of this stupendous agitation and racial turmoil, affecting every major country on earth, must definitely be tied into culminating events of 1939, with some sort of crisis probably indicated by the Pyramid marking of November 20th, next year.

All this turmoil and fanfare of false prosperity must reach its climax sometime, and even as Hitler's rise to power was marked definitely by the Great Pyramid date of January 31, 1933, likewise the final fate of the Luciferian aspects of world Jewry may be indicated by the November 20th marking when the vast spiritual Round-Up reaches its close.

While Liberation students have plenty of cause for doubting that the great period of universal economic depression will mend before 1941, the most definite activities pointing toward that mending may indicate themselves when this November marking has been reached in point of time.

Students of Biblical Prophecy, by the way, are altogether too prone to fall under the influence of negative propaganda and forget that the date of Hitler's rise to power was marked with no

small certainty on the Great Pyramid—the "Bible in stone!"

Hitler's rise to power meant the beginnings of the end of power and world prestige, for the Israelite—at least the Israelite of the Synagogue of Satan!



ONE of this should be considered as anti-Semitic propaganda, subtly sugarcoated with esoterics for a peculiar class of metaphysician-readers of Reality. The truth is the truth! The Jewish people as a people are not the Cohorts of Darkness, but we can safely suspect that the greatest number of recalcitrant and degenerating souls making up the Cohorts of Darkness will be found as incarnated in the ranks of Judaism—because of Judaism's bitter rancor toward the principles of the Galilean.

Judaism is merely the agency by which they can foment greatest anti-Christian trouble in a world fraught with denouement of vast spiritual prophecy.

And 1939 is a crisis year for most of it!

¶ If the Davidson interpretation be correct, it indicates that when November 20, 1939, arrives, the last man and woman will have made their decisions to enter either the ranks of Christ or of anti-Christ. ✿ ✿

¶ In our own country, whether we care to approve of it or not, there is an inevitable sequence of something approaching American Nazism ahead.

The influx of refugee Jews from Europe must precipitate an economic situation here that makes a harnessing of Jewish megalomanias necessary.

Second, with the United States continuing to run into debt at the rate of over nine million dollars every day—as it has been doing since 1933—the financial bankruptcy purposely fanagled by the Israelite from the first, must come to climax. ✿ ¶

Only some sort of fiat employment, from fiat industry, at the direction of an aspect of totalitarian government, is go-

ing to enable the American people to eat. . . . The Law of the Empty Stomach is a stronger statute than the Political tradition, however constitutionally expressed. ✿ ✿

War or no war against Germany, the Jew in the end is going to be pegged for the mischief he has wrought in Christian institutions. While Americans are saving their souls and bodies by recourse to fiat industry and finance, the quarantining of the Jew against further mischiefs cannot help but be in progress.

The two must go hand in hand!



O the Covenant with Abraham—at least as described in the Mosaic Old Testament for the edification of spiritually-gullible Gentiles—is proving by world event to be not so much of a covenant as the Jew was successful in getting the Christian world to believe, up to January 31, 1933.

If world event proves that no such covenant exists—indeed, if it ever existed anywhere outside the fabricating minds of a hierarchy of scheming rabbis—then the whole Christian religion must, in a manner of considering it, be remade.

The significance in the whole of it is, that humanity is leaving the celestial month of Pisces and entering the celestial month of Aquarius. Aquarius is an Air Sign. In religion that means the accrediting, endorsing, and embracing of psychical aspects of Cosmos as the basis for a more substantial and spiritually-satisfying concept of the Creator and His works.

The year 1939—which opens before another issue of this magazine shall have been printed—is, numerologically, a 22-total year.

In Numerology, remember, 22 is generally regarded as the Christ Number!

¶ Maybe we are closer to the established Reign of True Righteousness than we dream!

Gale on Christmas Eve

A Story



UR town hostler, Uncle Joe Fodder, worked in warm sunshine, cleaning a harness with sweet-smelling soap. The boy reporter on our Vermont evening paper being ill, I had sauntered into the livery-stable yard hunting items in his stead. ¶ "So you want news?" the old hostler grunted. "I'll give you news, providin' you ain't heard it.

Bright Angel's come home. From Europe!" he emphasized. He tossed away water that sent sparrows flying.

I considered Uncle Joe, taking note of his resemblance to William Cullen Bryant, had that celebrated poet worn cobwebs on his hat. He was an institution in our town, Uncle Joe Fodder. He knew the history of every person in the county.

It was then a bright forenoon in summer. Small intimation had I, that what Uncle Joe was announcing to me presaged one of the most poignant of dramas—the climax to which was not to come to denouement until the ensuing Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve—of all times! And yet such things happen.

"Bright Angel!" I exclaimed.

"B'gosh, you ain't forgot her? That rich girl—Rhea Morse. Funny part is, she's come home alone. No, 'tain't the funny part. Funny part is, she don't seem herself. All of her brightness has gone to her eyes."

"She's up on Preston Hill?"

"No—into the hotel. She come up last night. Had a maid and a lap dog, and forty-'leven trunks. Big ones! Ask Ansel Watts. He brung 'em from the depot. And the minute he seed her, he agreed she looked haunted."

"Haunted!"

Uncle Joe shrugged his shoulders. "She's suddenly old, William. Old at thirty-three. I remember she come into this world on the spilt second o' twelve o'clock, New Year's night, as we turned the present century. Folks seemed to hold it meant some sort o' luck."

¶ "Why wouldn't it mean luck, born as she was to five million dollars?"

"Twarn't five millions then. Twarn't scarcely one!"


"Well, the money increased. And her relatives died like knockin' down dominoes."

"All the same," said Fodder, "Bright Angel's back home. And the look in her eyes'll give you the creeps. Goin' to open up Mountain Gables and live there. She said so to Watts with a

little sort o'choke."

"She's been away since when?"

"Last time I seed her was durin' the war. She put on a dance for some officers from Plattsburg. Tall and queenly she was. A party seemed to look for diamonds in her hair. Waal, she's still regal, but 'tain't her blonde head."

"She may be suffering from some broken romance she's met with abroad." 

"More likely, I'm thinkin', it's havin' that boodle. No chap's come along to love her for herself."

"The Hunter boy worshipped her, before he went to France."

"Yeah, you mean Prescott. But last I heard o' him, he was somewheres in Japan. She's pretty much alone. Alone in the world with nothin' but Money! I'd rather have folks—and friends I could trust."

"Mad Charley" Waite led a mare from the stable and took her to drink at a trough in the yard. The town's eccentric, was "Mad Charley" Waite—a tall, skinny half-wit who worked for Uncle Joe. The latter gazed pensively at the helper's curved spine.

"Poor Charley's better off," the liveryman mused. Then after a moment of soaping a bridle: "It's hard to believe they're both the same age."

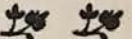
"It's harder to accredit that we live in a world where a girl like Rhea Morse gets five million dollars. Never did a lick of work in her life, just idles 'round the earth hunting a place to spend it. And your queer hired man hasn't even a brain—a whole brain——"

"Who ain't got a whole brain? Bet a dollar to a cookie that Rhea Morse'd be glad to swap places with Charley right this blessed minute!"




WENT back to the office thinking of the heiress. Her nickname "Bright Angel" had been given her because of her radiant blondness, this and the fact of her lavish girlhood charities.

Never had she been known to refuse an appeal to her purse.

"I'm glad we're going to have the old Morse Place opened up again," declared my partner when I told him the news. "Write an item about her return for the Personals today. Then get a good piece for tomorrow night's paper—how it feels to be home after ten years of Europe." 

Darkness had fallen on our mountain community when I sought the hotel to interview Bright Angel. The twilight held whispers of snowbanks ahead. Her suite looked down into Main Street. She would stop at the hotel till her hill home was ready, so the landlord informed me as I waited in the lobby.

"She says that she'll see you," the bellhop reported, "but only as a friend. She won't let you up if it's news for the paper." 

"I've heard that before," I laughed as I ascended.



STARED at her awkwardly, however, when she opened to my knock. She had left us for Europe a vigorous, comely girl. Now she was back, a sophisticated matron. Her golden hair had thinned, the laughter of life had vanished from her eyes. Over-brilliant they were, and yet she was regal. She had grace. She had poise. Whatever had changed her—whatever the sorrows on her heart, she tried to be cheerful as she gave me her hand.

"I remember you!" she cried, after hushing her dog. "I'm glad that you've called. The day has been lonely." She went about the room, drawing the shade and pulling the lamps. "I've sent my maid up to the Gables. I won't mind the dreariness so much, after I'm moved up there. It's not so depressing as—brightly lighted cities."

Her wrap was a loose-falling thing of dull green, trimmed with white fur at bosom and wrists. An unreal pallor enhanced her wan beauty and

under her eyes faint pouches were visible. ✿ ✿

"I suppose you've noticed changes," I said as I sat down.

"Not many," she returned. "Thank God for that. It might be unbearable, coming back to Vermont for the reason I've come, and finding the home town altered." ✿ ✿

Twice around her chair her small dog ran, then leaped to her lap and waved a nervous tail. I hoped she would mention the reasons for her coming.

"You know," she cried finally, "I'm terribly glad you've called. You can tell me some things that might make the town talk if I seemed to be too interested. One night in Vienna I met Prescott Hunter. You remember Prescott? He lived on the Hill. Well, one evening at dinner we discussed the old home town here—the characters in it—and he mentioned Charley Waite. Does Charley Waite still live here?"

"Live here!" I cried. "Why, right in the stable behind this hotel."

I thought she turned paler. "So n-near—at this moment——"

"Why? What about him?"

"Prescott told me—please don't mention this to anyone!—that Charley had faculties that puzzled and frightened many whom he knew. He said Charley saw things! What did he mean? Please tell me what you know about Charley Waite." ✿ ✿

"He was Sarah Waite's boy," I explained to the heiress. "Sarah gathered herbs out in the mountains for a living. When she finally died, Charley moved into town. He helps with the horses in Joe Fodder's stable."

"He's generally considered 'queer,' is he not?" ✿ ✿

"Well, he's got a bedstead in one of the box-stalls. On the top of each post is a big feather duster. He seems to possess a mania for feathers. Uncle Joe contends that Charley Waite's so bright that the rest of us don't get him. It's a matter of opinion."

"But he's merely a hostler?"

"No, he's more in town than Uncle Joe's stable-hand. He's official dispatcher of cats and ailing animals. Some folks call him our local Band of Mercy, all in one person. If you want to make him wild, just show him something suffering. Something dumb!"

¶ The heiress considered Charley's occupations. "And—how does he dispatch his 'cats and ailing animals'?"

"Quite a while back he discovered the lethal propensities of an acid that cleaned hats. A few drops on the tongue of a homeless kitten or injured dog put them to sleep so they never woke up. Since then he's earned money ending the lives of useless household pets. He's figured to a second how long the process takes. 'I'm settin' 'em free!' I once heard him cry."

"Setting them free!" The heiress swallowed hard.

"He has some queer spiritual beliefs he's picked up from somewhere. He thinks earthly life's a sort of imprisonment. Death lets us out, into bright freedom." ✿ ✿

It was silent in the room, excepting for night traffic sounding dully in Main Street. The woman cleared her throat.

¶ "And doesn't he 'see' things?"

"Yes," I said ruefully. "At least so he claims. He tells stories of seeing Luther Judd's little girl—the one who died of typhoid—when he's out in the hills. And he nearly broke up Matt Benson's funeral by laughing aloud in the middle of the service."

"Laughing at what?"

"It was gruesome to hear, for Charley rarely laughs. 'Matt's out of his box!' he cried in his amusement. 'He's sittin' on the steps to the pulpit right now. He's tryin' to figger just where he is, anyhow.'"

Rhea Morse was not shocked. A look of fearsome comfort passed across her eyes. ✿ ✿

I sat back appalled as the truth dawned upon me. . .



HE Bright Angel's return caused much comment in our valley. But scarcely so much as Charley's Waite's behavior. I happened into Ben Struther's

Clothing Store one morning. The stable-hand followed in.

"Wanta suit," he announced, starting to disarrange the neat piles of garments. ✿ ✿

Most half-wits, I observe, are hairy of forehead and sullen of expression. Charley's hair was thin and inclined to be sleek. His forehead was high, his greenish eyes were penetrating. He had a long hooked nose. Lips and chin were sensitive.

"What's struck you," asked Ben, "to buy a new suit?"

"I gotta look better," the customer declared. ✿ ✿

"Must be you've got yourself a girl," Ben laughed. "Have you?" he gasped, as Waite colored to his ears.

Charley shrugged his shoulders. He was working a havoc in Ben Struther's stock. I watched the transaction: the purchase of the suit, a shirt, a tie of deep scarlet. That same afternoon I saw him in his purchases. He was heading out West Main Street and some little boys tagged after him. He turned toward Mountain Gables.



WEEK or ten days later, Uncle Joe sought our office. "Waite wants to quit his job," he chuckled, sitting down. "The pore boob's in love!" ¶ "In

love with who?" my partner inquired.

¶ "Prepare for a shock, boys. He's stuck on Bright Angel! Rhea asked him up as a sort o' social freak. He goes and takes it serious. He thinks the Angel must like him or she'd never have noticed him."

Up and down Main Street, in cigar stores and barber shops, our townsfolk were chuckling.



HE holidays loomed and this merriment increased. One night in December I strolled over to Fodder's stable. I found the old man on the sofa in his

office, the hat with the cobwebs reposing on his stomach.

"He's commenced to take her presents," the liveryman lamented. "Last night 'twas a statue—that bust o' Sittin' Bull that the two Edwards boys had in their cigar shop. Night before that, he fetched her a hat——"

"To an heiress! A hat?"

"Yeah, one o' them bargains in the Bon-Ton Millinery. It'd look right pretty on her, he claimed when he showed me——"

"And the poor clack's been up there twice in one week?"

"He goes up every night. He's out back right now, fixin' something else to take up for a present. Stuffed muskrat, I think. Taxidermist chucked it out."

¶ "You should reason with him, Joe Fodder." ✿ ✿

"Ever tried it, William, reasonin' with Charley Wait?"

"Then the woman should be warned. Doesn't she realize she's dealing with a crack-pot?"

"If you know why she's dealin' with him at all, you're a smarter man than I be." ✿ ✿

Charley chose that moment to come in. I had never grasped how big a stuffed muskrat could appear as a parcel.

"Well, Charley," I bantered, "we hear you're going courting. Who's the Fair Lady?"

"Potiphar's wife!" he retorted with a flush. ✿ ✿

"See here, Charley, you ain't goin' balmy on that rich girl?" This from Joe Fodder, looking glum from the sofa. ✿ ✿

"I might go a distance and do a lot worse."

The old man sat up. "Has she mentioned she loves you?"

"Oh, there's things understood!"

The half-wit shouldered his bundle and departed. Quiet came in the office. Finally Fodder said:

"Judge Wright's wife was up Thursday to the Gables. Bright Angel looks terrible. She's called a New York specialist——"

"A limousine, Uncle Joe, is coming in the yard!"



B RILLIANT light-beams bored the glass door. The car swung an arc and stopped by the water trough. Then a man in furs stepped out, a bear of a person, made taller by his cap.

"Gosh!" cried Uncle Joe when the door had opened on him. "We all thought that you was in China, or was it Japan?"

A cool-eyed six-footer was Drake Hunter's son. The town remembered him—before the Army made him human—as a priggish young aristocrat who once drove a dogcart up and down Main Street. Once he tried to tip Joe Higgins for shining his shoes. Higgins took him out in the middle of the car tracks and did vile things to the young patrician's person.

"My boat got in five days ago and I came across the country without stopping. I'm told there's a fellow in this stable named Waite."

"Not now there ain't. He's took the night off."

"Would you mind delivering a message to him from me? Tell him that if he shows up at Mountain Gables again, I'll knock his dam' block off!"

"You'll—knock Charley's head off!" the hostler exclaimed. "Rhea send you down here to say such a thing?"

It seemed that Rhea hadn't.

"Then you'd better be careful you don't get your own block knocked off. It's been done," said Fodder dryly.

To our puzzled dismay, tears welled suddenly in Prescott Hunter's eyes. "Miss Morse," he said raggedly, "is not



in a condition to be bothered by a—lunatic."

"Charley ain't no lunatic!"

"——She'll be d-dead within a month!"

"Dead?" we cried together.

"She went all over Europe consulting specialists. The biggest man in Germany gave her until the first of the year—this year ahead——"

"Golly, that's too bad," Uncle Joe said gently.  

"Her t-time's nearly up. I came home at once, as soon as I learned it. I expected to m-marry her——"

"You've seen her?" I asked lamely.

"Yes, I've been up. You'd think she was merely resting between journeys, the way she smiles about it and talks of Her New Trip."

"Whatta you want her to do," Uncle Joe demanded, "throw hysterics all over the place?"

"She may be reconciled to death. I can tell you I'm not. It's a lousy way to run this universe, letting a girl of her beauty, her brains, her character, with everything to live for, be buried in a grave at thirty-three years old."

Uncle Joe asked quietly, after an interval of silence, "Then you think, do you, that she ain't goin' nowheres but into a grave?"

"Oh, don't give me any more of that half-wit's mysticism! Him and his 'Air Trips to Splendor'!"

"Air trips! Splendor!"

"——Getting 'free' from her body—going somewhere on wings—flying through fog, up into Pearl Light——"

¶ "But if she seems to be consoled by that sort of thing, Prescott, why do you discourage it?" I asked.

"I don't discourage it. I want it cut out!—stopped! There's something irreverent about this half-wit hanging 'round her. Think of her preferring him to Dr. Dodd, the minister——"

"I see," said Joe Fodder. "You hold she should die accordin' to the rules!"

¶ "It isn't Waite's tosh about Feathers alone. I learned from Rhea's butler that she and Waite argued a whole

afternoon about giving the Morse fortune to the Vermont Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!"

"What's wrong about that?"

"Another time Waite was coaxing her to buy an island in Lake Champlain, just to make it a refuge for birds!"

"So it's her money that you——?"

"I don't want her to give her money to anything. I want her to live! She's only thirty-three. She's got the right to live!"

Uncle Joe stroked his beard. "But who are you, young man, to say where it shall be?"

Prescott strode out.

The next time I saw him was the Christmas Eve of the Big Storm. Curiously too, it was in the liverystable.



THE STORM had blown southward off Lake Champlain the previous afternoon. High gale and rain changed a blizzard to sleet. We got the last holiday paper out early and sent the staff home. Instead of following—until the dangerous wind abated—I ate my evening snack in Ned Farrell's lunchroom. Noticing a light in the livery-stable office, I went in across the yard. Fodder was in there—with crack-brained Charley Waite. At Uncle Joe's desk the idiot sorted feathers!

"Fixing up a Christmas present for someone?" was my natural reaction to the loony's activity.

Charley had his moments of childish naivete. He looked from pile to pile—turkey feathers, rooster feathers, feathers from crows, feathers from an owl. Then his eyes lit up softly.

"You don't stop to think what feathers are for."

"What are they for, Charley?"

"Wings!" he cried hallowedly. "Wings to fly with! Strong, soary wings that raise you towards God!"

Uncle Joe listened. The gale rocked his barns.

"Went to Sunday School once," the

stable-hand continued. "All I remember was a talk about birds. God made 'em for more than just to sing songs. He made 'em as a sort o' promise that we can fly too, if we'll only learn how. I don't mean airplanes," he added hastily. "I mean like thoughts!"

I stared at Waite, disquieted. He went on——

"And that time when the Holy Spirit come down, the day that Jesus was baptized, you remember 'twas a bird—a pretty gray dove——"

"You mean a white dove, Charley!"

"It might o' been white, but it looked gray to me——!"

"You!" cried Joe Fodder.

Then he stopped. We all listened. Footsteps were heard, coming swiftly through the yard.



WIND whistled through the lofts. It caught the door as a hand turned the knob. Charley sprang up. He appeared to scoop his poor feathers in panic. ¶ "Don't be scared," said Prescott Hunter. But his face was tragic. He transferred his suffering gaze to myself. "It's a devil of a night—to make such a request—but I'm supposed—to bring you and Mr. Fodder——"

"Bring us where?" gasped Uncle Joe.

¶ "To Mountain Gables. Miss Morse—is starting on her Journey tonight—think of it!—Christmas Eve!—she wants—to say goodbye——"

"Bright Angel wants us!"

"I'll go!" exclaimed Charley.

"But one of us, Charley, must stay with the stable."

Waite looked vaguely puzzled. "All—right," he said finally. Then he added something that I remembered long afterward: "——It don't make much diff'rence!"

A butler admitted us when we reached Mountain Gables. It was lighted in amber and its grates held banked fires. We shed our wraps and followed

abovestairs on rich velvet carpets. We seemed to be expected.

Servants were grouped in the wide upper corridor. From a fraught room ahead came a tall nurse in white.

I had been in many sickrooms during twenty years of publishing my paper. No sickroom, however, was quite like Rhea Morse's. A wide, low room it was, in the mansion's southwest corner. A grate fire burned cheerily, enlivened by the gale. Flowers, fine volumes, objets d'art, enhanced its atmosphere of elegance. Augmenting such elegance we sensed a vibrant valor. Intuitively we traced it to that figure in the bed.

Something like iridescent marble was slightly raised on pillows—a statue with golden tresses braided down each shoulder, and two hectic spots beneath charcoaled eyes.

The room held six people—another trained nurse who scarcely left the bedside, a studious-looking man with a gray Van Dyke beard, a portly dowager, two girls we learned were cousins. Finally, Dr. Dodd. The white-haired pastor of Calvary Church was kneeling. He seemed to be praying, for one hand cupped his forehead. Why was he praying? Surely this girl and God had not quarreled.

"But I asked you to bring Charley!" cried the girl on the bed, when the rest of us were recognized.

"We—we couldn't get him to come," Prescott told her. "He said—it made—no difference——"

"That ain't so," Uncle Joe contradicted. "Charley'd been here along with us, if he'd really knowed you wanted him. Prescott never mentioned it."

"But I asked for him particularly!"

"I didn't suppose you loved him." The patrician in his grief could not hide his disgruntlement. The physician was scowling.

"Of course I love Charley. He's the only one among you who knows what death is!"

Dr. Dodd raised his head. "Death is beautiful, my sister," he counselled with patience. "But you shouldn't lean too heavily on the theories of a simpleton. You face the Great Mystery——"

¶ "But it isn't a mystery. Not half so great a mystery as—coming into life."

¶ The pastor's eyes were tragic. She might have been blaspheming, such was his expression. "We must all approach the Dark Chasm," murmured the minister.

"But it isn't a Chasm. And it's not at all dark!"

"Tell us about it," begged Uncle Joe hoarsely.



"T'S a curtain!" cried Rhea. "Nothing but a curtain!—first layer on layer of beautiful mist!" ¶ One of the cousins sobbed audibly on the shoulder

of a sister. ¶ "Fold upon fold of it!" Rhea exalted. "We come from the depths of the earth's thick shadows. Up through the mist-folds our spirit wings take us. Then the folds become thinner. Suddenly we find ourselves all swathed in wondrous Light——"

"The Judgment Seat of God!" the minister observed. "Beware of His wrath——"

"But God has no wrath. No, no!" cried the girl, though her frail heart was pounding. "Wrath is of earth, the same as the shadows. Don't you see? That's the difference."

"And you're really not afraid," Dr. Dodd gasped, "to make the Fearsome Journey?"

"Fearsome? Afraid to set off on the Beautiful Adventure? Afraid to leave night and wing up into Morning?"



SILENCE for a time. We harkened to the storm that wailed across the mountains. Gale roared through barren maples. Sleet sissed against glass.

And Prescott Hunter, stricken, dropped down beside the bed. "Don't leave

us, Rhea!" Don't go out in that!" he pleaded.

She delayed her faint answer. *✻ ✻*

"But, Dearest—on how many earthly journeys has my ship sailed at midnight—into blackness and rain-beat, into gale and wet chaos. Yet I've always trusted the captain, Prescott. Up in the chart-house there were hands that knew their business on the wheel."

"Yes, yes, but——"

"And always I've awakened to find the great ship plowing onward in sunlight. But it's an air journey that I'm making tonight, Prescott. And we'll fly above the storm. I've made my air flights, too, always trusting my pilot,—vessel or airplane, I'm trusting the Pilot of Pilots tonight. And you dare to ask me, am I AFRAID?"

She was showing us how to die, this rich girl on the bed. The Mystery of Mysteries was somehow made wondrous. Death! What was Death? Why should we ever regard it with terror when those on the Border-line seem so eager to press over it?

"I've done all the things I came to do," Rhea finally murmured. "The money . . . goes . . . to ease suffering . . . of dumb animals . . . Charley Waite showed me and you think he's a fool!" Gales washed through maples and shrieked in the casements. Somewhere a deep-throated clock struck ten mellow strokes. Then Rhea's mind wandered. She seemed to imagine that Charley Waite himself had come with us to her bedside.

"I knew you'd be here, Charley," she whispered. "You c-couldn't be so thoughtless . . . not to say bon voyage tonight! . . . You were right, Charley. Storms blow. Hearts break. But high above the Sorrow is . . . the Beauty of the Brightness! . . . Love and Soft Splendor! . . . Music! . . . Charley, Charley! . . . Can you hear it, too? . . . Is THAT what they call the Music of the Spheres? . . ."

We watched her lean forward. A moment she paused so, eyes twin pools of

glitter. Then slowly the red spots fanned away from her cheeks. *✻ ✻* The physician eased her backward. All we heard in the room was the moan of the storm—the moan of the storm and Prescott Hunter's sobbing.

He had loved Rhea, this scion of the House of Hunter. Now he had to accept, like the rest of us, that Earth was Rhea's memory.



E returned to the livery-stable along toward one o'clock—when the abating storm permitted it. ¶ The first thing that startled Uncle Joe was the blackness of his little stable office, then that its door was banging wildly in the wind.

"Great guns, what's happened here?" exclaimed the puzzled hostler.

We got inside and managed to close the door. The drop-light turned on without any trouble. Thereupon we saw him—we saw Charley Waite!

Seated in the cane-bottomed chair before Uncle Joe's battered desk, his head was dropped forward on his arms. Uncle Joe touched him. Charley's body, like office and barn, was icy cold! "He's dead, too!" gasped Fodder.

Our glances met above the poor body. ¶ "Rhea seemed to talk with him, you remember?" I shivered. Blown-in snow was thick beneath our feet. Evidently the half-wit had fallen asleep after our departure, the door had come unfastened, and the terrible temperature had frozen him to death.

"What I never got through my noodle," Uncle Joe has mused since, "is the fact that when we left the stable, pore Charley Waite was sortin' out his feathers. 'Feathers for Flight,' he called 'em. 'Course my stable door was open for three or four hours. Wind could sweep a lotta things out o' this office in that time. Yet when I cleared the blowed-in snow away, not a feather did I find about the place that Charley Waite was sortin' when we started for Mountain Gables!"

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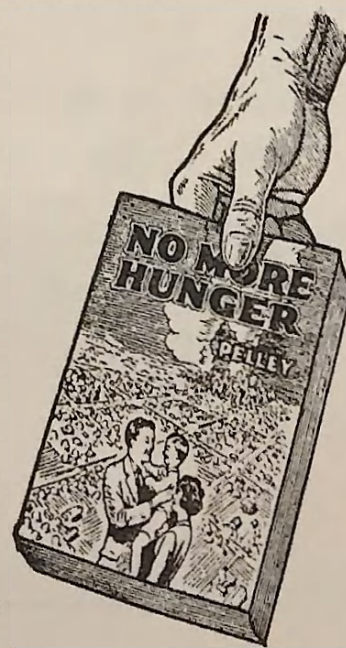
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EARTH COMES

YOU may consider this page an advertisement for a new book or not, according as it strikes you. I prefer to regard it as an informal chat between ourselves, to which the new book is merely incidental. ¶ Some thirty days ago, down here in Asheville we completed the first year of doing our own publishing. During my strange career I have owned or conducted something like eight different printing shops or newspapers. But all of them were crass commercial plants, conducted to make a living, taking whatever work they could get. In the back of my head, throughout my experiences with all of them, I carried the aspiration to one day put together a printing-house that should be especially adapted to doing nothing but my own publishing. Moreover, that publishing was to consist of nothing but exquisite periodicals and books, compiled as artistically as papers, inks, and average machinery could devise. On the 23rd of the past October I completed my first twelve months of owning that plant and took a survey of its first year's product. ¶ We have turned off four standard volumes in this plant in the year that has passed, forty-eight issues of *Liberation*, twenty-two issues of *Little Visits*, and twelve numbers of *Reality*. Something like 30,000 impressions a day from our automatic presses, for 306 working days, should have resulted in a formidable pile of printed material. Alas, all I have to show for the effort of the whole of it is some twelve leather-bound copies of *Behold Life* in my private library, something like seventy-five copies of *Thinking Alive* in the leatherette edition, an odd five hundred sets of *Nations-in-Law* which I expected would move slowly anyhow, due to the fact that the work never was intended for the average reader, and around ninety copies of *Bright Trails*, the bound and illustrated edition of the Famous Explorers volume of *Little Visits*! Here and there on the shelves of the stockroom are file copies of *Reality*. Everything else is practically sold clean! ¶ On the whole, it rather looks as though there was a decided demand for our products. Now the question arises, how about 1939? ¶ Well, I propose to start 1939

with the publication of the third volume of the deluxe esoteric series, *Earth Comes*! In *Behold Life* I tried to sketch the whole design of Cosmos for earthly life, to give a fully-rounded idea of what the Liberation Doctrine was all about. In *Thinking Alive* I started to elaborate the opening chapter of *Behold Life* into a book in its own right. It was pretty deep for a lot of folks, but they seem to have survived it and are begging for more. Now, it's time to give them more. In *Earth Comes* I'm going into the marvels of the manufacture of Free Energy, showing how it operates at the command of Thought and begins to coagulate into materials that assume the form of planetary worlds. All of us like to know where this planet on which we operate, came from anyhow. Figuratively speaking, in *Earth Comes* we're going to bring the planet into existence and set it as a stage for all the metaphysical marvels to be subsequently enacted on it. ¶ During January, too, if the Roosevelt Administration doesn't contrive to plunge us into a war with Hitler to make him give Germany back to the Jews, I'm hoping to put out a 75c edition of *Behold Life* and a 50c edition of *World Hoax*. Further than that, with our periodicals increasing in circulation, I'm not trying to plan at present. ¶ So, if you're compiling your shelf of Pelley books, I'm hoping you're going to enjoy *Earth Comes* and keep up the tradition of Pelley books' being hard to get because they sell up so clean. ¶ The price of *Earth Comes* is going to be \$4 postpaid. If I didn't think the volume was going to be worth that much to the both of us, I wouldn't be putting that much value into it. If you haven't got the \$4 in the old Sugar-bowl just now, with Christmas raising hob with everybody's finances, remember that you *can* get the book on a dollar down payment and the other three dollars stretched over three months. But, as a final word, you'd best get your order in. *Earth Comes* will be just as hard to get as any of the other deluxe volumes within two to three months. Remember that I said it. On the whole, I'm rather proud that overstocks of these volumes aren't sold in Jew drugstores alongside paregoric!

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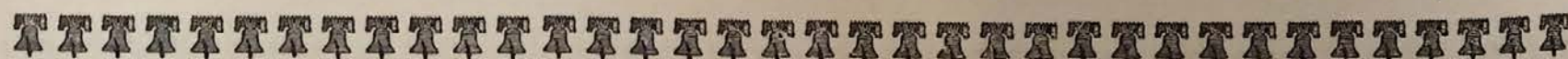
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Y DEARLY BELOVED: What went ye forth to seek: a bed of heliotropes wherein ye might delight your senses? ¶ Is it not fairer to say that ye did choose thistles for your resting-place that there might come no rest until the work ye do be finished? ¶ Harken to My voice, ye who sally forth carrying waters of instruction to the thirsty lips of men. ✠ ✠

What went ye forth to seek: fine robes of linen to cover your nakednes that ye might be proud of your raiment and vestments, or the coarsest of garments, that others might stand without embarrassment in the presence of those who minister unto them?

What went ye forth to seek: the avenues of goodly hopes, or the roads of circumscription that make you to know no resting-place that hath in it luxury while there be trudgers in hot sunshine?

¶ I speak with my voice: cometh a day when you hear with your ears; cometh a night when you say, Lo, our Lord is with us, let us greet Him with hospitality for behold He hast come on a goodly mission!

Thus say I this hour: abide ye in Me and be my handmaidens and husbandmen, that ye may be the servants of the One Father whose Spirit dwelleth among you always.

For if a man hath not love, he is as one who casteth himself from an exceeding high mountain and refuseth to perceive the disaster of that plunge.

When men shall say: Those walk among us whose garments are as snow, let it be told among them: thus were ye always, in that your love was great for one another yet greater for the world. . . . ✠ ✠